THE CHURCHMAN.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD, THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH.—1 *Tim.* iii. 15.

REV. JOHN W. CURTIS, A. M., EDITOR. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1831. VOL. I.—No. 2.

THE WIDOW.

His hour is come! he breathes his last,
His darkening glance on heaven is cast,
The sign of death is on his brow,
His heart has done with earthly wo;
The father, husband, friend, is gone;
His spirit stands before the throne!

And thou who, bending o'er his head,
Those drops of misery dost shed,
Who, looking round thy silent room,
Feel'st in thy heart a tenfold gloom,—
Thou thing of love and agony,
What hope has earth for thine and thee?

And she has seen him borne away,
And seen the clay returned to clay,
Dust given to dust! and heard the sound,
Strike through her bosom like a wound,
And felt, beside his burial stone,
What 'tis to be on earth alone!

Yet still the world has better ties,
Her babe upon her bosom lies:
And shall we leave it to its fate?
Come, comfort ye the desolate;
Know, triflers, know, your slightest toy
Might make her tears the tears of joy!

The meanest gem in Beauty's hair
Might raise her spirit from despair;
The crumbs that from your tables fall,
Might, to her heart, be all in all;
But know, ye rich, ye proud, ye gay,
The God who gives can take away!

O Thou, who sit'st the stars above,
Whose nature, and whose name, is love—
Thou, who for man didst not disdain
The life of toil, the death of pain,—
Teach us to live, and love, like thee,
King, Saviour, God of *Charity!*

BENEVOLENCE.

O, let us never lightly fling
  A barb of wo to wound another;
O, never let us haste to bring
  The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound—but he
  Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity,
  Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.
'Tis god-like to awaken joy,
  Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—not to annoy,
  Is part of Virtue's lesson too:
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
  Shall bend her down and brighten *this*,
When all man's labor shall be love,
  And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

BY MISS L. E. L.

I bid thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

There take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element,
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine;
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee;
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!

THE ANTIQUARY.

Bethink ye of the olden time.

[For the Churchman.]

Mr. Editor,

I have seen many attempts to explain the origin of the custom of employing the figure of a cock for vanes. The following is, to me, new; and at the same time ingenious and instructive. It is from a curious collection of Emblems and Devices, by Geoffrey Whitney, published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I give you the emblem entire, (the cut excepted,) title, dedication, old spelling, notes, and all. The Bishop Chatterton, to whom it is inscribed, (then, 1584, bishop of Chester; subsequently of Lincoln,) is better known, by another spelling of his name, as William Chaderton, head of Christ Church, and afterwards of Queen's College, Cambridge, and a busy participant in the puritanic controversy.

M. N.

VIGILANTIA, ET CUSTODIA.

Ad reverendiss. Dn. D. *Gulielmum Chattertonum*,
Episcopum Cestriensem.

The Heraulte, that proclaimes the daie at hande,
  The Cocke I meane, that wakes vs out of sleepe,
On steeple highe, dothe like a watchman stande:
  The gate beneath, a Lion still doth keepe.
And why? These two, did alder time decree,
That at the Church, theire places still should bee.

That pastors, shoulde, like watchmen, still be preste
  To wake the worlde, that sleepeth in his sinne,
And rouse them vp, that longe are rock'd in reste,
  And shewe the daie of Christe will straighte beginne:
And to foretell, and preache, that light deuine,
Euen as the Cocke doth singe, ere daie doth shine.*

The Lion shewes, they should of courage bee,
  And able to defende their flocke from foes:
If rauening wolfes, to lie in waite they see; [close:
  They shoulde be stronge, and boulde, with them to
And so be arm'de with learning, and with life,
As they might keepe their charge from either strife.†

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* *Aug. in Epist.* 124. Episcopi munere vt in hac vita nihil difficilius, ita apud Deum nihil beatius.

† Quid per gallum et leonem significetur. Claud. Minos super Alciatum Emb. 15, juculenter scribit.

[For the Churchman.]

Mr. Editor,

I send you the following scrap, supposing that the lamentable picture which it gives of the state of the Church of England, newly reformed, so eloquently drawn by one of those who had the chiefest hand in settling her upon her immoveable basis, may be not only interesting, but *useful* to your readers, as pointing out *one* among the efficient causes of that scarcity of ministers in our Church—a growing evil which all feel—of which all complain—and which *some* have it in their power to remedy.

G. T.

"O that Haggai the prophet were now alive, and saw the rearing up of God's temple here in England! What, think you, he would say, You build your own houses and leave the house of God forsaken? Nay, he would say, You build your own mansions, and *pull down* the house of God.—The poor flock is given over to a wolf: the poor children cry out for bread, the bread of life, and there is no man to break it to them.—The poor minister must keep his house, buy him books, relieve the poor, and live—God knoweth how, and so do you too. Young men, such as are of most towardness, turn themselves to be physicians, or men of law; yea clerks or apothecaries. The matter is so used, that they are ashamed to be ministers in God's Church. 'They should not so do,' say you. No; neither yet you, as your doings are, can be angry with them. They are not angels, but your own children, your brethren, your cousins, of your own affections, of your own flesh and blood; and they think themselves too good to become your slaves.

"O merciful God! At the beginning of the Gospel, every man brought his goods, and laid them at the feet of the disciples. Now, every man is ready to pull out, in a manner, necessary sustenance, even out of the mouths of Christ's disciples. Then that, that was every man's own, every man made it common, and no man counted it to be his own. Now that that appertaineth to others, and is appointed to the building and preserving of God's Church, that every man layeth hands on, and counteth to be his own. In the mean season, the poor universities are neglected, the schools every where unfurnished, the youth driven and chased away from the building.

"Think of this in your hearts: consider with yourselves. There lack already ministers throughout the realm, to teach the people, and to build up the walls of God's Church. One poor hireling is driven to serve two or three parishes. The sick have no man to comfort or counsel them: the dead have no man to bury them: one man burieth another. That thing I know is not material: yet it seemeth not so to all men, and our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and ought reverently to be brought to their graves.

"View your universities: view your schools, which ever have been nurseries to this purpose. Alas, how many shall you find in both the universities, and in all the schools through England, not only that are already ripe, but also that are minded to the ministry? If they be not found there, alas! where think you to have them? where think you they will be found? Think you that they will spring out of the ground, or drop down from the heavens? No, no, they be of you and must be bred and reared amongst you. If there be none to be found, nor hope of any hereafter: be you well assured, that acts of parliament, and proclamations, are not enough to content the conscience of the people, and to build up the temple."—*Substance of certain Sermons*, &c. by Jewell.

OFFICE FOR THE SICK.

[For the Churchman.]

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A SICK CLERGYMAN ON HIS DEATH-BED, AND A CLERICAL BROTHER WHO VISITS HIM.

Visit I.

Visiter. My dear brother, I have just heard you were sick, and have come to visit you.

Sick Clergyman. Thank you for this kindness. "God be praised for all his mercies."

Visiter. How do you find yourself to-day? Do you suffer any pain?

Sick Cler. Yes, sometimes acute pain; but God deals graciously with me—and "in the multitude of my sorrows, His comforts refresh my soul."

Visiter. Do you feel resigned to your present situation, whatever the event may be, whether of life, or of death?

Sick Cler. I do—I am willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; although, if it should be God's will, I am content to remain. I am an unprofitable servant, having never employed my time and opportunities as I ought; and my place will doubtless be supplied by some more faithful pastor, by whom my dear parishioners will be more perfectly instructed in the way of truth.

Visiter. But you should not thus reproach yourself, my dear brother; consider what the Church was when you first took charge of it—and what it now is—how many confirmations have been held, and how many admitted to the holy communion under your ministry.

Sick Cler. I cannot feel that I have done all I might have done, in this great work. Much of my precious time has been lost in sleep—much has been wasted in unprofitable occupations—my devotions, both public and private, have not been offered with that ardor and singleness of heart, which I think God requires; and when I consider how great a sinner I am, and how sacred an office I hold, how awful its responsibility, and how great my deficiency—I am bowed down with the sense of my infirmities; I abhor myself, and repent in dust and in ashes.

Visiter. Yes, my brother, this is all right. It is certainly right that we should all feel ourselves miserable sinners, and then we shall in earnest seek the atoning merits of the Saviour, as the only hope of our souls: yet we are allowed to consider our good works as following us to heaven; and they must there offer a testimony in our favor, acceptable to God, through the intercession of the Redeemer. Surely, then, when you reflect upon the many afflicted people you have comforted—the many erring you have led into the way of life—the many poor who have received your bounty—you must realize the consolation which the Psalmist so beautifully describes in the 41st Psalm.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

"The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

"The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

Sick Cler. God be praised for his precious promises!—Yes, they are my greatest comforts; though mark me, I do not place any confidence in my best performances; but desire to empty myself of all vain thoughts of personal merit. You know how express the Church is in her formularies to this effect; and I can truly say I never have used those self-humbling confessions, without feeling how fully they corresponded with the convictions of my conscience, as well as with the declarations of holy Scripture.

Visiter. Yes, brother, particularly the solemn self-renunciation in the communion service—"We do not presume to come to this thy table," &c., and the heart-searching confession which follows; indeed, the whole of that service, how admirably solemn, and expressive of the feelings of the truly humble and penitent.

Sick Cler. I have realized their powerful influence on this sick bed; and my memory delights to exercise itself in repeating these sacred devotions, which have, for so many ages, and among so many nations, expressed the same spirit of faith, penitence, and praise. O, the value of that little book—next to the Bible, it is my most precious treasure; and its value eminently arises from the consideration that two-thirds of it are composed of selections from the sacred volume. As a satellite to the presiding luminary, it collects the Divine light, and reflects it faithfully upon the Christian pilgrim's lonely path.

Visiter. You do not find it, then, what some have asserted it to be, only a dull repetition of an unprofitable ceremony.

Sick Cler. Far from it—*so* far from it, that it was the blessed means of first leading me into what I consider to be the true Church of Christ.

Visiter. How so?

Sick Cler. You know I was brought up a Presbyterian. My parents and friends being chiefly of this denomination, educated in a Presbyterian college, there was not much chance that I should hear any thing else than Presbyterian doctrine; except as occasionally it might reach me from a venerable grandfather, who was a pious Churchman, or from a respected kinsman; neither of whom, however, in the least exerted an influence upon my opinions or conduct, except by their pure and blameless example, which truly reflected lustre on their Christian profession.

I came to the city of ——, after finishing my education, and entered a counting-house, with a view to be a merchant.

A young man when he leaves the paternal roof, and feels himself his own master in a large city, stands in great danger of ruin. My parents (God bless them for all their goodness to me!) realized this danger better than I could. Well do I remember their anxious looks as I left my youthful home, and was about to launch upon the wide world. Well do I remember the tender counsels of their parental experience, and the blessings they invoked upon me at that critical moment. A Bible was put in my trunk; and most graciously, as an overruling Providence ordered it, a little book of devotions for every morning and evening in the week; by an anonymous author.

I thank God that gaming was never to me a favorite amusement. But I soon imbibed a strong passion for the theatre. I have often committed the chief part in the play, and taking a seat in the stage box, have earnestly watched every word, and gesture, and look, of the chief performer. But God saw my poor foolish heart, and he had compassion on me that I should not be taken up with these unprofitable vanities.

On the subject of my observance of the Lord's day, my father had made but one request, which I considered reasonable, and promised to observe. This was, that I would attend the worship of the Presbyterian Church in the morning, whatever I might do the rest of the day. This I did; and for some time, my place of worship in the afternoon was the same as that in the morning: but thus far my attendance was nothing but the mechanical performance of what I considered a decent duty. On a certain occasion, when looking into my trunk, the little book of devotions presented itself to my view; and the recollection of my parents—my home—and all my young days of pleasure, rushed into my mind, and brought me to consider how little I was learning that would be of any service to me in a dying hour. I took up my little book of devotions—I read—the reflections appeared excellent; again I read—they seemed to suit my case. I tried the experiment of reading it for a week every morning and evening. The next week found me so much pleased with my acquaintance, that I could not consent to relinquish my newly formed-habit of daily devotion. The solemn season of Lent had now arrived, when in the Protestant Episcopal Church the labors of the ministry are more abundant than ordinary, in the endeavor to improve the important truths then exhibited in the daily service from the Scriptures, to "our great and endless comfort." I attended the prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and every day during Passion-week, and shall never forget the sacred feeling they seemed at once to inspire. There was nothing to set them off but their own native simplicity—no organ—no chants—scarcely even a response, but that of the clerk; and above all, a monotonous reader, yet did those prayers seem to me as "unfading plants of paradise—still more and more beautiful—their bloom to be daily heightened; fresh odors emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best."

And so I did relish them, and they seemed to be the very aliment which my soul required. My little book of devotions became more and more dear to me: many a time when I have returned from the theatre, after midnight, when the weather was very cold, and there was no fire in my bed-room, have I sat and read my little book, and used the accompanying prayer, before I could take my rest. "Prayer will make us leave off sinning," says an old writer; and so, thank God, I found it. I gave up the theatre for the sanctuary of God. I began secretly to devote myself to God—it was not long before I publicly declared, "What God had done for my soul," and "joined myself to him in a perpetual covenant, never to be forgotten." The rest of my history you know—God be praised for all his mercies.

Visiter. You seem too weak, my dear brother, for much conversation.

Sick Cler. I *am* weak, but it gives me such pleasure to see one of my brethren, that much as it would grieve me to be troublesome to you, I must beg you to come as frequently as you can; and before you leave me, be so kind as to use the prayer in the visitation office "For a sick person, when there appeareth but small hope of recovery."

Visiter. Let us pray.

"O Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need; we fly unto thee for succor, in behalf of this thy servant, here lying under thy hand in great weakness of body: look graciously upon him, O Lord; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech thee, so much the more continually with thy grace and Holy Spirit, in the inner man: give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and steadfast faith in thy Son Jesus, that his sins may be done away by thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence, and be no more seen. We know, O Lord, that there is no word impossible with thee; and that, if thou wilt, thou canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a longer continuance amongst us: yet, forasmuch as in all appearance, the time of his dissolution draweth near, so fit and prepare him, we beseech thee, against the hour of death, that after his departure hence in peace, and in thy favor, his soul may be received into thine everlasting kingdom; through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*"

B.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

DEAN SWIFT.

When striking incident and singular traits of character unite with genius and wit, to form the man of letters; he becomes an object of intense curiosity. In few have these so happily met as in the celebrated Dean Swift: his writings, his character and manners, afford much amusement and instruction. As a writer he claims our highest notice. His single pen instructed the parliament of England, furnished a mighty party with argument, determined the course of government, and preserved the ministry from ruin. At another time a few letters from his hand thwarted the plan of a corrupt administration, and filled every hovel of Ireland with his fame. Indeed no person could be better calculated for a political writer. His genius was penetrating, his judgment clear, his learning vast, and his knowledge of mankind astonishing. His style is simple, yet energetic; graceful, though unaffected. Endowed with these talents he entered the most secret retreat of political intrigue; he became the intimate friend and confidential adviser of the artful Oxford and the rash Bolingbroke, directed their measures and engaged successfully in their defence.

But we are not to regard him merely as a political writer. Dean Swift was a satirist: not the low buffoon, whose only aim is to raise a laugh; not the malignant slanderer, who seeks to blast the good name of another; but the man of true wit, who sports with the follies of mankind it is true, but amid the laughing attendants of ridicule introduces the genius of instruction. Gulliver's Travels is the work of one who watched with a keen eye the passing scene. It has another excellence; it has all the spirit of one who wrote as he felt. With an original vein of humor he holds up to laughter the fluctuations of the English Court, the intrigue of ministers, and the empty plans of theorists. The manners of the age felt his resistless grasp; and nowhere have I seen the degradation of human nature so strongly represented as in the last voyage of Gulliver. The Tale of a Tub is a wonderful book. Who but Swift would ever have conceived three coats an emblem of Christianity, or the quarrel of three bravoes an image of religious dissension? Who but he would have likened the doctrine of transubstantiation to swearing a loaf of bread to be a leg of mutton? Who else would have ridiculed fanaticism as the art of belching wind? With all its singularity, the Tale of a Tub contains much learning and good sense; and beyond all doubt is the severest satire upon superstition and enthusiasm that any language can boast.

There is one other view which is to be taken of Swift as an author. He was a poet; but let no one seek in his numbers for the fire of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the pathos of Euripides, or the delicacy of Anacreon. To what source shall we trace the inspiration, which governed his pen? Shall we deny that he ever mounted the steep of Helicon? Or shall we say that he burst its strong enclosure, rushed in triumph up the hill, and seated on its top another muse, a muse the ancients never knew? It is true, he has no ornament, no tinsel: he scorned them. It is in simplicity, strength and originality of thought and expression that he excels. His humor is peculiar to himself: I know of no writer, ancient or modern, that has any thing like it. It is not the delicate touch of Horace, the dignified severity of Juvenal, or the attic salt of Lucian; it is a dry piercing wit which penetrates the very heart of every thing that falls in its way. But what shall be said of his obscenity? What can be pleaded in excuse of an author whose pages are filled with language and ideas that would shame even a brothel? The charge is heavy and cannot be denied. But though a virtuous mind cannot exculpate him, we should however remember that he stands not alone. The same blot is found in some of the best poets: satire above all other writing is exposed to it. It is the opinion of one of Swift's commentators, that his vulgarity is introduced with the best intention. To paint vice in its utmost deformity, to scatter over it all the meanness and foulness that belong to it—this is said to be his motive. The effect, it is observed, is such as might be expected. While the delicate insinuation of a modest writer tickles and depraves the boyish fancy, none but the most debauched imagination can read the descriptions of Swift without disgust.

A few observations on the character of this remarkable man shall conclude this essay. His name is seldom mentioned in company without the exclamation,—How unfit was that man for the altar! What! an intriguing pamphlet-writer, a jester, a buffoon in the pulpit! It is intolerable. In answer to this reproach, it may be urged that we have every reason to think his motives for mixing in the politics of the time, were the welfare of his country and a generous love of fame. As to his religious principles—his remarkable abhorrence of hypocrisy sometimes led him into the appearance of carelessness and irreverence; but I am of opinion that he was at bottom a good Christian: his letters and several incidents of his life afford evidence of it, and the fact that he was constant in his family and private devotions, carries much weight.

But the ladies—oh! they will never forgive his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. Yet let them not be rash. Swift undoubtedly loved Stella with the most ardent affection, and showed her the tenderest regard; and though there is something in his conduct to Vanessa which cannot be unravelled, he leaves us with the impression that he was a man of honor and lively sensibility, but often injured by his tender feelings and adverse fortune. Those who have perused his writings cannot but think of him with admiration; and whoever has read the story of his declining life and gloomy end, will soften at the recollection of the wretched Dean of St. Patrick's.

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not writing a labored vindication of Dean Swift. I do not think him free from faults—nor do I wish to hold him up as an example for imitation. I merely wish to prevent peculiarities and eccentricities from being misrepresented as faults; and to incline the heart to the influence of charity, rather than censoriousness, in passing judgment upon the life and character of men of genius. Let Swift stand or fall according to his desert; but let us at least regard him in the most favorable point of view which the events of his life will admit.

R.

A heavenly mind gathers itself up into one wish, and no more. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require." Grant me thyself, O Lord, and I will ask no more. The new creature asks nothing of God, but to enjoy God: give me but this, Lord, and for the rest, let Ziba take all. I will part with all to buy that one pearl the riches of heavenly grace.—*Jeremy Taylor.*'

CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

[For the Churchman.]

Mr. Editor,

An excellent volume has just made its appearance from the able pen of the Rev. Michael Russell, LL. D. It contains discourses on the *Millenium*, the *doctrine of Election*, *Justification by Faith*, and *on the historical evidence for the Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy*; and in the opinion of your correspondent, is worthy of the attentive perusal of every Churchman. The following is an extract from the discourse on *Justification by Faith*. By giving it a place in your paper, should it meet your views, you will oblige your friend

L.

"Another evil arising from the practice of applying to Christians in modern times expressions which were suggested by the peculiar situation of the original members of the Church, appears in the aversion entertained by a large class of our countrymen to the sound scriptural doctrine which attaches conditions to salvation.

"Such persons repeat in our ears, even to satiety, that we are justified freely—that we are saved by grace, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. Now, in reply to such arguments, let it be stated once more, that the meritorious cause of salvation is unquestionably the death of Christ, and that so far it is a free gift—the gift of God, which no human being could either merit or purchase. But one apostle tells us, that we are saved by faith; while another assures us, that if faith be not accompanied with works, it is useless—it is dead, being alone: hence divines have been in the habit of saying that the atonement made by the Redeemer is the efficient cause of human salvation, and that faith and obedience are the conditions upon which it is granted to individuals.

"Certain squeamish preachers, however, began their opposition to this plain doctrine by taking offence at works, that is, a man's words and actions, being held even as a condition of salvation; and the only religious value they allowed to holiness, temperance, brotherly kindness, and charity, was confined to the fact that such graces afford evidence of the existence of faith. According to this hypothesis, faith was made the sole condition upon which Almighty God extends to individuals the benefits of the Christian mediation; namely, the pardon of sin, and the blessing of eternal life. But this refinement is not now deemed sufficient. It has been discovered, that, if even faith be held as a condition of salvation, the Gospel is not completely gratuitous; for if faith must be presented unto God when we ask to be saved, we are making a bargain for heaven, as much as we should do were we to offer our good works, our prayers, and our alms, as the purchase-money at the foot of the Eternal. According to the most modern system, therefore, all conditions are discarded; faith and good works are equally thrown into the back-ground; and all that is required of man, as the recipient of salvation, is a hearty belief that the gift has been already bestowed. We are told by one writer, that 'God neither loves nor pardons us on account of our belief in his testimony: but the belief of his love, and of the gift which his love has bestowed, will give a confidence that we are dearly welcome to him—that we are his accepted ones—his adopted children. Pardon exists before the faith, and only becomes a matter of *personal feeling* in consequence of being believed. And whilst we do not know this, or are insensible to it, we are not justified.'

"As far as any meaning can be drawn from such a statement, we are to conclude that a man is to judge of his spiritual condition, not by any correspondence between his character and the rules of God's law, but by the ardor of his feelings, the intensity of his affections, and the firmness of his assurance. This is a very startling sort of theology, and which cannot fail to unhinge the minds of weak persons, who trust less to the plain truths of the Bible than to the exposition which is given them by bold theorists. In former times it was customary to teach, that if a man did not believe and act like a Christian, he could not enter the kingdom of God. It was generally held, that if Christ and his apostles impressed any one truth with greater emphasis than another, it was that the favor of God, reconciled through the mediation of the cross, is to be obtained by reposing faith in his Gospel, and by walking in his commandments; and it was thought that the duty of man consists not only in his loving God, but in his fearing him, imploring forgiveness, and soliciting mercy. These plain maxims are now attacked by a contemptible species of sophistry, drawn from a perversion of the apostolical language.

"I cannot better expose the absurdity and danger of rejecting faith and obedience as conditions of salvation, than by quoting a passage from the famous Mr. Hall, one of the ablest preachers and most ardent Christians of the present day. 'For presuming,' says he, 'to speak of conditions of salvation, the author is accused of employing anti-evangelical language, and suspicions of his orthodoxy are pretty loudly insinuated. When the term *conditions* of salvation or words of similar import, are employed, he wishes it once for all to be understood, that he utterly disclaims the notion of *meritorious* conditions, and that he intends by that term only what is necessary in the established order of things, a *sine qua non*, that without which another thing cannot possibly take place. When thus defined, to deny that there are conditions of salvation, is not merely to approach to Antinomianism; it is to fall into the gulf. It is nothing less than a repeal of all the sanctions of revelation, of all the principles of moral government. Let the idea of conditional salvation, in the sense already explained, be steadily rejected along with the terms, and the patrons of the worst of heresies will have nothing further to demand. That repentance, faith, and their fruits in a holy life, supposing life to be continued, are essential pre-requisites to eternal happiness, is a doctrine inscribed as with a sunbeam in every page of revelation; and must we, in deference to the propagators of an epidemic pestilence, be bound to express, by obscure and feeble circumlocutions, a truth which one word will convey, especially when that word, or others of a precisely similar meaning, has been current in the productions of unquestionable orthodoxy and piety in every age? The author is at a loss to conceive on what principle, or for what reason, dangerous concessions should be made to Antinomianism; that thick-skinned monster of the ooze and mire, which no weapon can pierce, no discipline can tame. While this heresy is making rapid strides through the land, and has already convulsed and disorganized so many of our Churches, it is not the season for half measures; danger is to be repelled by intrepid resistance, by stern defiance, not by compliances and concessions; it is to be opposed, if opposed successfully, by a return to the wholesome dialect of purer times. Such is the intimate alliance between words and things, that the solicitude with which the term *condition*, and others of similar import have been avoided by some excellent men, has contributed more than a little to the growth of this wide-spreading pestilence. As almost every age of the Church is marked by its appropriate visitation of error, so little penetration is requisite to perceive, that Antinomianism is the epidemic malady of the present, and that it is an evil of gigantic size and deadly malignity; it is qualified for mischief by the very properties which might seem to render it only an object of contempt—its vulgarity of conception, its paucity of ideas, its determined hostility to taste, science and letters. It includes within a compass which every head can contain, and every tongue can utter, a system which cancels every moral tie, consigns the whole human race to the extremes of presumption or despair, erects religion on the ruins of morality, and imparts to the dregs of stupidity all the powers of the most active poison. The author will ever feel himself honored by whatever censures he may incur through his determined opposition to such a system.' "

REVIEWS.

Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

Nothing noble, honorable or useful, will assimilate with the love of money. But if there is any thing to which the spirit of gain is emphatically a blasting and a curse, *religion* and *literature* are in that situation. We know, from the declaration of an inspired apostle, that the Gospel of Christ may be preached from other motives than the pure love of Him who first loved us, and yet be preached in its saving efficacy; but when *lucre* comes in as the *primum mobile*, the character is gone at once; the breath of the hireling contaminates the truths he would teach, and Midas-like, he turns all he touches to gold—base yellow clay. Nor will literature flourish better in alliance with the sordid thirst for gain; its spirit must be free—not even *golden* fetters can comport with the flights of fancy, or the lofty soarings of genius.

Truths like these—truisms, perhaps, but, if so, strangely out of public recollection—come crowding into the mind in a thousand forms, as we read the words at the head of this article, connected as those words are with two undertakings which every honest and discerning friend of literature and religion must consider as a stigma of reproach upon a trade *once* the honorable calling of honorable men.

With the word *family* who has not associated all that was pure and lovely, and of good report? Who has not cherished the idea as imbodying in itself all the attributes of peace and holiness and unsullied innocence that pertain to a residence on earth, an association of sin-stained mortals? Within that circle, who would suffer the sullying footsteps of sneering skepticism, or shallow infidelity, or heartless libertinism—that worst enemy of the social ties and endearments, however artfully concealed behind the mask of pleasing recreation? The votary of sin himself would wish to save those hallowed precincts from his idol's grasp. The very infidel is seldom found enthusiast enough in his unbelief to aim at the introduction of its withering influence among his children and dependents.

Yet, what the libertine and the infidel would hardly do, publishers—men belonging to a trade which was once the foster-parent of learning and pure religion at their second birth—have been found prepared to do, for greediness of gain! The drivellings of infidelity and libertinism are cooked up for FAMILY use, and served under a flimsy cover of pretended decency and hypocritical respect for virtue and religion.

Perhaps we use strong language—but we feel yet more strongly, mingled indignation and scorn, as we rise from the perusal of volumes ushered to the world under the illusive—nay, we do not hesitate to say, the *lying*—title of a 'Family Library.'

When Milman's History of the Jews first appeared, as the harbinger of the series, the friends of religion stood aghast, and asked what the heterogeneous compound of German skepticism and poetic description could portend? From every quarter it was assailed with deserved reprobation, as a book in itself despicable, considered as an attempt to lower the history of God's dealings to the level of a record of human foibles and follies; but execrable, when viewed as an attempt to obtrude its desecration of *sacred* history upon the young and uninformed, the *family* circle. Here and there, it is true, a hireling fabricator of puffs for a newspaper or a monthly, or some unsuspicious, careless, lounging critic, tuned his faint notes of praise for 'elegant and powerful writing,' for 'spirited and finished composition;' and ever and anon, some secret or avowed foe of Christianity, swelled the chorus with cries of '*well* cultivated religious spirit,' and 'moderate' and 'prudent theology;' but the public voice was against the work, as an outrage upon religion and propriety.

Yet it was hoped that the publishers would draw wisdom from experience, and, if their own ideas of *family* reading were loose enough to embrace writings whose tendency is to sap the foundation of religion, might be taught to circumscribe them by the voice of the people. They might suppress the work, at least as a part of the *Family* Library; or, if this was not to be expected, they would at least take care that its tendencies should be counteracted by its successors.

But no! the book, so far from being suppressed, is forced into circulation, and silly puffs are industriously culled out, from among the mass of indignant censure, and trumpeted about as its true and honest portaiture. Its successors, so far from having a tendency to balm the sore its poison may have cankered, are the most medley, ill-assorted, worst-executed set of catch-penny productions, that this age of catch-penny contrivances has exhibited.

Pass them in review, and judge if this sweeping censure is unmerited. First, there are Lockhart's Napoleon, and Southey's Nelson. Of all subjects of biography, *Napoleon* and *Nelson* to be chosen for the formation of the character of youth, in a country at peace within itself and on its borders! Who cannot see the danger to the youthful mind of setting *such* models before its eager gaze! 'But their eventful histories might afford occasion for many a sober lesson.' True! but, under the influence of the history, would youth's ardent emotions suffer it to hear the prosing lesson? Or *has* the lesson been attempted? Lockhart's book is but a feeble version of a thrice-told tale, with no effort at any thing but easy narration. Southey's is a lively, graceful narrative, of a spirit-stirring theme; but what does it inculcate, save bravery and patriotism—and that patriotism of a temper not altogether congenial to our republican soil?

Then comes Williams' Alexander the Great. Doubtless, another well-chosen model for our youth! The tame, craven spirit of Americans needs to be stimulated by such vesicatories in its early years, to raise it to the elevation of sober patriotism! If it did, there might be some exception taken to the choice of stimulant, as it might be queried whether the breast of the young republican would be kindled with exactly the right sort of flame by the torch of the Macedonian despot. And what is the literary character of the work? A tedious, long-drawn tale of events which every school-boy has at his fingers' ends, and which many a lady-novel-writer would have made far more interesting. Plutarch's life of Alexander is worth a score of it.

The History of Insects, next on the list, is an exception to the general character. Of this, though we cannot give it *unqualified* praise (for it is in some parts dry, and in many loose,) we yet can say conscientiously, as we do cheerfully, that it *is* a fit component part of a *family* library.

As if for contrast, this useful volume is followed by Galt's Life of Byron; which for unfitness of subject, and unworthiness of execution, could hardly have been surpassed. One might almost be tempted to suspect some secret design against the sacred ties of life, on reviewing the choice of subjects for this, so called, *family* library—a choice, if not wicked, certainly little short of insane! Buonaparte, who marries a woman of suspicious fame, for ambitious motives, and when she has made him a faithful, affectionate wife, through years of uncommon toils, divorces her for mere state reasons! Nelson, the open adulterer! Alexander, the debauchee! George the Fourth, whose very name awaken associations of all that is loose and profligate in man, and all that is miserable in wedded life! and, to crown the whole, *Byron*, the dissipated rake, the tormentor of his divorced wife, the teacher of licentiousness by his ribald poetry! These are the models selected for the contemplation of youth—to form the manners, the habits, the principles, of our *families!*—But, to return to the book. Byron's character is one eminently dangerous to bring in approximation with the ardent imaginings and quick affections of youth; for although the misery which vice entails on its victims is painted in the deepest colors on every scene of Byron's life, yet his profligacy, like Milton's Satan, even in its lowest degradation, has in it much of what the unrenewed heart deems *noble*—much that to those who measure the things of this life by this life alone, and compare man with nothing higher than frail, corrupt mortality, seems elevated far above the aspirings of the common herd, and therefore worthy of admiration. Let a true philosopher, one who has studied in the school of Christ, take up this character, seize and define its traits, and investigate their producing causes and their effects, and a work in the highest degree interesting and instructive, would be the result. But, alas! poor Byron has fallen into the hands of a shallow philosophaster, who thinks he has investigated character, and detected producing causes, when he has pounced upon the casualties which called forth the powers of mind, and gave imprisoned emotion an opportunity to work. A man who has no traits in common with him, but his knack of stringing rhymes and his miserable egotism, presumes to sit in judgment, and pass *his* sentence as the dictates of an oracle! Every page in Galt's book is disgusting. He is perfectly incapable of managing the master-spirit whom he presumes to summon from the dead, and yet is too blind to see his own incompetence. He struggles to release himself from the toils which that spirit throws around him, and at every struggle winds them faster on him—till by dint of lame description of scenery, and bald witticism, and borrowed anecdote, he has eked out his bargained quantity of matter; and then hurries through the closing spells of his incantation, sinks the ghost to rest, and leaves the reader as uninformed and far more puzzled than he found him. As a literary production, his book, for arrangement, for tone of thought, and for style, is beneath criticism. As a book of *instructive* tendency, it is calculated only to feed skepticism and reckless disregard of social ties. In his own person, the author blasphemously speaks of 'Nature's error' in forming Byron's mind—alludes to the *evils* of the conjugal tie—and scoffs through a whole chapter at all that Christianity holds sacred, and that is peculiar to the Gospel.—And this is a *family* book!

Bush's Mohammed we have not read; but have no favorable anticipations, from the nature of the subject—one which hardly admits of faithful statement without the introduction of matter wholly unfit for family reading.

Scott on Demonology, next appeared; and who that hears the *name* can refrain from wonder at the choice of such a subject for a *family* library? 'Demonology and Witchcraft'!—to take precedence of all the useful and interesting topics of discussion which cluster thick in the imagination when it busies itself in providing intellectual food for the family circle! They are treated by the great master of romantic and antiquarian lore, it is confessed; but if an absurd and incongruous subject be selected, it matters not by whom, or how, it may be treated; it is incongruous and absurd still. 'But children will hear stories of ghosts and witches. Why not possess them with the true philosophy of the subject in advance?' In the first place, ghost and witch stories are fast growing out of repute, even among nurse-maids and old women; so that the plea of *need* is of very doubtful value. But, admitting they were rife; is the repetition of a long string of ghost and witch stories, threaded upon a slender tissue of philosophical reflections, the best mode of counteracting their influence on the young? We venture to say, that from young master at the grammar school, up to young miss in her teens, or even to mamma on her sofa or in her Boston chair, Sir Walter's stories will be read without his philosophy, and treasured up for memory's rumination, while the latter is unheeded. The religious tendency of this book has been questioned, and perhaps is questionable; certainly we should not undertake to defend it. Its *literary* character is altogether unworthy of the great name it bears. It is a mass of rich material loosely thrown together with a careless hand. The method is awkward and ill observed. The style is slovenly, and even ungrammatical. We should be almost as loath to offer it to our children for a model of composition, as for a mould of principle; in both respects, its influence must be positively injurious.

Gleig's History of the Bible, and The Polar Seas and Regions, follow in the list. We have read neither. Of the first, a casual notice in the Christian Observer (authority of no slight respectability) awakens no favorable expectations. It is classed with Milman's portentous betrayal of the cause the author was sworn to serve. Of the second we augur well. Its author's known dispositions and abilities, and the nature of the subject, alike promise a work well entitled to a place in a Family Library.

But such is not the case of the work next, and, as yet, last upon the list—although unquestionably as a literary production, superior to any of its predecessors. What husband or father would choose the *life* of George the Fourth as the theme of musings for his family? What instructer would expect a fair view of his eventful *times* to be exhibited in an eighteen? Croly's book is neither. It is a rambling disquisition on men and principles, written in a vein of genuine eloquence, and with all the fire of genius, but with all the eccentricities of genius, and all the prejudices of an Englishman and a tory. Without any disposition to screen his unprincipled subject from just censure, the author conceals his vices, because their very deformity unfits them for public gaze. The consequence is, that the princely virtues and gentlemanly accomplishments of George, win the reader's esteem, while the libertine and debauchee in youth, the vindictive persecutor of an injured wife, and selfish pursuer of sensual pleasures in old age, is screened from detestation by the veil of oblivion. The work is an able work, but it is far from being of use in the domestic circle; its subject, and its treatment of that subject, alike condemn it.

Such is the collection, which authors writing for hire, and booksellers printing for gain, would palm upon an unsuspecting public—a public calling itself Christian—a public professing respect for the great laws of the Gospel and morality—as a FAMILY LIBRARY! The records of sacred history travestied into the likeness of the chronicles of a lawless Arab horde; the public careers of usurpers, tyrants, curses of mankind worse than pestilence or famine; the professional examples of men whose business was blood-shedding; the private lives of libertines, adulterers, and atheists. By these, the morals of the rising generation are to be formed! By these, the peace and happiness of families are to be enhanced! These are to diffuse the blessings of information through domestic life!

As a literary undertaking, the collection is little better. Scott never was so loose, so garrulously careless, as in his Demonology. Galt never so filled with sickly affectation and figurative bombast, as in his Byron. The others, Croly alone excepted, are tame mongrels, holding out no promise, and therefore disappointing no expectation.—*Family Visiter.*

THE CHURCHMAN.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1831.

☞ The Right Reverend Bishop Onderdonk proposes making a partial visitation of his diocese, in the month of April, as follows:

Thursday 7, Jamaica; 8, Hempstead; Sunday 10, Islip; 11, Setauket; Wednesday 13, Huntington; Friday 15, Cow Neck; 16, Little Neck; Sunday 17, Flushing, A. M., Newtown, P. M.; 18, Hallett's Cove; 20, Eastchester; 21, New Rochelle; 22, Mamaroneck; 23 Rye; Sunday 24, White Plains; 25, Philipsburgh; 26, Tuckahoe.

Easter-Even.—The Church has reached the most solemn season of her ecclesiastical year! We parted yesterday from the temple in deep humiliation and sorrow; the fearful exclamations, "Crucify him, crucify him! His blood be on us, and on our children!" are still ringing in our ears—To-day, the eye has been fixed on the heavy stone rolled upon the mouth of the sepulchre, and the guard stationed over it by the implacable hostility of the Jews—And to-morrow, we look forward to "life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel;" and await the joyous song of triumph,

"God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory!"

How appropriate! how beautiful and inimitable are the services of the Church designed to this holy season! "She neither follows the course of the sun, nor moon, to number her days, and measure her seasons, according to her revolution; but Jesus Christ being to her as the only sun and light whereby she is guided, following his course alone, she begins, and counts on her year with him."

We have a service for Easter-Even, wherein we contemplate our Divine Lord, as "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison;" and concentrate all our thoughts and feelings, as the even cometh on, upon that mighty event which is to be ushered in by the succeeding dawn. Nothing can be finer than the collect for Easter-even—so nobly expressed!—so piously imagined! We quote it entire, as a diamond ornament to our columns; for even an Edinburgh Review could compare the chisselled beauty of Milton's sonnets to nothing in the English tongue, but the collects of our divine liturgy.

"Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with him; and that through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection, for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

Green Bay Mission.—We invite the attention of our readers to the animated article on this subject published in our first number, and to the documents accompanying it, which will be found on the third page of the present number. The subject is one of great interest and importance to the Church in this country, and especially in this diocese. We publish below a communication from a valuable correspondent, in regard to a public meeting which is to be called, for the purpose of laying this subject more fully before the diocese of New-York.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Churchman,

It was with no small degree of satisfaction, Mr. Editor, that in the communication of L, in your first number, I observed that our worthy and zealous Diocesan had resolved to lay the claims of the Green Bay Mission before the Churchmen of New-York. The expected return of Mr. Ellis from Washington to this city, has, I learn, been disappointed, as that gentleman has gone back to the station by a different route. I regret this the more, as the information which Mr. Ellis could have communicated would have been not only interesting, but perfectly authentic. Through the instrumentality, however, of our brethren of the Executive Committee in Philadelphia, it is understood that some of the clergy of this city have been furnished with large extracts from the reports of our indefatigable Missionary at Green Bay, the Rev. Mr. Cadle; and as an Episcopalian, I cannot but indulge the confident hope, that on Easter-Tuesday the members of our beloved Church will afford practical evidence that they are any thing but indifferent to the noble cause of Christian Missions.

To the claims of the native tribes of this country, as set forth in the communication of L, I trust we all stand ready, cheerfully to yield our acknowledgment; and to their call for help we will not refuse to respond. Our Bishop is at our head; he is our leader in this undertaking of love; shall he not be upheld and sustained in his effort to do good, by the united aid of both clergy and laity throughout his extensive charge? I am not prepared to believe that the Episcopalians of New-York will not be ready with heart and hand to yield a cheerful and ready help, at this call of our Diocesan. Let the meeting be well attended, and I venture to predict that those who come, will be gratified with the prospects of good, doing and to be done at Green Bay.

An Episcopalian.

☞ The first numbers of our paper will be very widely distributed. This has been deemed the best method of placing its appeal for patronage before the public; and very large editions will accordingly be printed. Persons receiving it in New-York and Brooklyn, who have not already subscribed, will be called upon for their subscription or refusal—and non-subscribers out of New-York, are requested, if disposed to subscribe, to send their names, without delay, agreeably to our *terms*, to the nearest agent of the Press, or to the general agent, the Rev. J. V. Van Ingen.

☞ Those subscribers who did not receive the first number of the Churchman, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice at the Press Office, No. 46 Lumber-street.

☞ To Correspondents.—Several communications are on file, which shall appear in our next. C. M. A., Selah, and J. D. Jun., have been received. Communications, in order to appear on Saturday, should be sent in, if possible, as early as Wednesday morning.

The Rev. Mr. West, again.—The claim of this gentleman to the rank and authority of a bishop, is an occurrence of so strange and anomalous a character, that we deem it advisable to lay before our readers the report of the committee appointed to examine the subject, in the last Convention of the Diocese of Ohio. This report is referred to in Bishop Chase's general Circular. To every one acquainted with the constitution and canons of the Episcopal Church in this country, the expectations of Mr. West must appear so ridiculously extravagant, as to give some ground for fearing an aberration of the intellect.

September 10, 9 o'clock, A. M.

Convention met agreeably to adjournment.

The Committee on the business relating to the Rev. Mr. West, handed in the following report, which was unanimously agreed to:—

That there appeared to them to be two points in the aforesaid document, demanding their attention. First, the pecuniary collections in England; and secondly, that which relates to the Episcopal succession in this diocese.

1st. In respect to the first point, there seems, after the most careful examination which your Committee could give to the subject, a mistake with regard to £100, of which error, the explanation suggested in the Bishop's Address, is, perhaps, the true one. It is at least perfectly satisfactory to the minds of the Committee.

In the absence of all documentary evidence on the subject of the collections made in England by Mr. West, your Committee are not able to state with precision, the actual amount obtained by him in that country. From the solemn declarations of Mr. West, however, corroborated in some degree by the testimony of Lord Kenyon, and Mr. Marriott, we have reason to believe that none of the funds passed through Mr. West's hands. It may further be stated, that Mr. West explicitly declared, that he had no agency whatever, in the publications made in the newspapers on the subject of his collections, except only in that originally inserted in the Philadelphia Recorder; and that he expressed his regret at the unfavorable effects which the exaggerated statements alluded to are calculated to produce.

2d. With regard to the second point—the succession to the Episcopal Chair of this Diocese—your Committee have no doubt that an entirely erroneous impression existed in the mind of Mr. West. No sufficient evidence has been submitted to the Committee, that the Rt. Rev. Bishop ever held out to Mr. West, the hope of succeeding him in his Episcopal office. And your Committee are pained to add, that, between the defence publicly delivered before the Committee by Mr. West, and his answers to them in private, upon this point, there was a manifest inconsistency. Your Committee understood Mr. West to say, on the first occasion, partly from a written declaration, and partly extemporaneously, that the Bishop had privately invested him with the spiritual character of a bishop, or at least that he solemnly promised to leave on record, in case of his [the Bishop's] decease, a recommendation of him [Mr. West] as his successor. Afterward, when Mr. West was asked by the Committee, "will you give your written statement concerning the Episcopacy, to the Committee?" he declined a compliance, after repeated and earnest solicitations. And when the inquiry was made of him by the Committee, "how could you suppose that Bishop Chase intended to exert his influence to make you his successor?" Mr. West replied, "My *impression* is, that the Bishop said he would recommend me." Your Committee doubt not that such an impression existed on the mind of Mr. West; but it appears to them that there is a material difference between the *positive assertion* that Bishop Chase had invested him with the spiritual character of a bishop, or would leave on record a recommendation of him to the Episcopal office, and the above reply, "My *impression* is, the Bishop said he would recommend me."

All which is respectfully submitted.

B. P. Aydelott,
Intrepid Morse,
Bezaleel Wells,
Platt Benedict,
John Bailhache.

Family Library.—We republish to-day, from the Family Visiter, the able review of the Family Library, from the pen of the Rev. W. R. Whittingham. The title of this work certainly presents one of the most notorious instances of open and unblushing effrontery to be met with, even in the modern history of book-making. The effect produced upon the mind by looking at the title, and then examining the volumes, is very like that which every one has experienced from taking up an antique, venerable English folio, inscribed in fair gilt letters, "The Whole Duty of Man," and opening the deceitful cover—upon what?—the points and dice of a BACK-GAMMON BOARD!!

The review is a spirited composition, severe, but not unjust; and we think the Reverend author entitled to the hearty thanks of the public, for so luminous and irresistible an exposure of this portentous farrago of family literature.

MR. J. W. INGRAHAM'S LECTURES ON PALESTINE.

We feel it to be our duty to call the attention of the religious public to these valuable lectures. The literati of Boston and Philadelphia are loud in their praise of Mr. Ingraham's genius and tact; and he has, in reference to the practical effect of his instruction, still higher praise in the two little pieces—one by a 'Mother,' and the other by '*A Member of St. Stephen's congregation,*'—which we publish below. All who have read Bishop Heber's Palestine, may now see in painting, what they then read in poetry; and even our very children can imagine themselves standing on the Mount of Olives, with Jesus and the twelve, or gazing upward at the blood-stained cross of Calvary, or looking down from the pinnacle of the Temple upon the courts and streets of that far-famed city, so beautifully described by the lamented Heber.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favored home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky!"

These lectures are more particularly attractive at the present season, when our attention is called so frequently and so powerfully by the noble services of the Church, to the great events of our Saviour's life.

The present course will be delivered on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, commencing on next Tuesday, at a quarter before eight, at Broadway Hall, between Howard and Grand streets.

LECTURES TO S. S. TEACHERS ON PALESTINE.

"On the recommendation of the Rector of St. Stephen's Church in this city, arrangements were made by his Bible Class, assisted by the liberality of the congregation, to obtain Mr. Ingraham's course for the class, and especially for the benefit of the more advanced pupils of the Sunday School, about fifty of whom were selected, and regularly attended. Last evening he completed his course, and tested the success of his attempt by questioning the children on the matters presented in the lectures; and I believe I hazard nothing in saying, that every individual present was fully satisfied, from the promptitude and correctness of the children's answers, that Mr. Ingraham had not addressed them in vain. For myself, I confess, that though I had been no inattentive hearer of the course, yet my memory had proved less retentive than the children's; and I was reminded, from their lips, of observations made by the lecturer, which had escaped me. That impressions have been made upon the minds of these children which will continue through life, I think there can be but little doubt. The little creatures will not speedily forget that they have looked on water which once formed part of the wave of the Jordan or the Dead Sea; that they have held in their own hands what was once part of a cedar on Libanus; that they have seen a picture of a palm which once flourished on the plains of the 'city of palms;' and that they have touched an olive branch which once grew upon the Mount of Olives. All these were shown to them. The transparent illustrations, too, which exhibited the present appearance of some of the most remarkable spots in Palestine, presented them with a vividness almost approaching to the distinctness of reality, and at times it was not difficult to imagine that for yourself you saw the scenes of Syria. Can you not suggest, Messrs. Editors, to other Bible Classes and Sunday Schools, to follow the example of St. Stephen's, and obtain Mr. I's lectures.

A Member of St. Stephen's Congregation."

Communication.—"I have listened with so much satisfaction to the lectures of Mr. Ingraham, on Palestine, that I claim a woman's privilege of *speaking* of them. The subject is so interestingly treated in the lectures, and so delightfully illustrated by the splendid transparencies, that I am anxious that many should enjoy the advantages that I have possessed. Children appear to have a new interest for scripture reading, after hearing the lecture and seeing the transparencies; and I hope that many will be allowed the privilege to-morrow evening—my own were delighted with the whole, and so indeed was their Mother."

[Communicated for the Churchman.]

Mr. Editor,

In the first number of the Churchman, I observed an acknowledgment by the Treasurer of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, of several contributions to the *Stereotype Fund* of that Institution. Permit me, through the same medium, to inquire of the Treasurer what is the specific purpose for which this Fund was created, and the reasons for it. I presume, that the existence of such a Fund is generally quite unknown to our Church people; and I have often been impressed with the conviction that want of *information* as to the objects and operations of our Church Institutions, is the chief, if not the only cause, of the inadequate patronage which they often receive. A. B.

☞ The address of the Right Rev. Bishop Griswold to the Convention of the Eastern Diocese, will be found on our fourth page.

[For the Churchman.]

BISHOP HOBART.

Like Paul he fought the noble fight;
He kept the faith, and wavered not—
Await him then, how pure! how bright!
The robe, the crown, which bear no spot!
With angels and with spirits just,
What joyous greeting hath been made!
Life's early friends, long fled from dust,
The pure embrace of soul have paid.

Thou, too, first called to brighter skies,
Whose form so fair, so early fell,
Thou, Griffin, into paradise
Hast welcomed him who loved thee well.
Why weep ye then on Sion's hill,
Around the tomb where Hobart sleeps?
Alas! though heaven claimed thee, still
The Church, with all her children, weeps!

X.

[For the Churchman.]

THE THREE HOLY DAYS.

There are three days of holy time;
Three days of sanctity:
Of all the circle of the year
They are the wondrous three.
On one the heavens were robed in black,
The sun his face did hide;
And well might earth and sky be rent:
Their Maker Jesus died!
And one beheld the sepulchre
Closed on the mighty dead:
While to the realms of paradise]
The soul divine had fled.
Then came the day when life and light
Broke on the gloomy grave;
And rose from death to heaven on high
The God who died to save!
There are three days of holy time;
Three days of sanctity:
Of all the circle of the year
They are the wondrous three.

X.

Calendar.

April 2. Easter-Even.
—— 3. Easter Day.
—— 4. Easter Monday.
—— 5. Easter Tuesday.
—— 6. Anniversary of N. Y. Sunday Schools.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, the 26th inst., the REV. F. C. SCHAEFFER, D. D., Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. James, in this city; and Professor of the German language and literature in Columbia College.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Anniversary of our Sunday Schools will take place on Wednesday in Easter week. See advertisement.

Bishop Stewart.—To the numerous friends of the Bishop, as well as to his important charge in the Canadas, it may be gratifying to learn, that he embarked in good health, and was attended to the place of embarkation by the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, of this diocese, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, and others.—*Albion.*

The Rev. Robert W. Harris has accepted the call of Grace Church, Whiteplains.

Theological Seminary of Virginia.—We are informed that the present number of students is *twenty-one*, and we believe there has been no year, since the institution was located at Alexandria, when it has not numbered fifteen and twenty.—*Philadelphia Recorder.*

Greece.—There are now in the Peloponnesus 18 schools for the Greek language, with 624 pupils; 25 schools on the Lancasterian plan, with 1786 pupils. In the Isles of the Archipelago there are 31 schools for the Greek language, with 1712 scholars; and 27 schools for mutual instruction, 3650 scholars, including the house of orphans and the central school. In Continental Greece, a school for the Greek language has been established at Lepanto, and a house is now building at Missolonghi for the same purpose.—*Globe.*

Bishop Ravenscroft's Works.—In our last, we hastily noticed the publication of these works by the Episcopal Press of New-York. The more we have examined them, however, the more disposed we feel to recommend them to the patronage of Episcopalians. It is by the publication of such books, that we are enabled to estimate the great importance to the Church of the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Press. But it must be remembered, that it cannot be sustained without patronage; and there is no way in which this can be afforded more advantageously to all concerned, than by purchasing its publications. This remark is particularly applicable to the works of Bishop Ravenscroft, the copyright of which, it will be remembered, was bequeathed by the Bishop to the "Episcopal Bible, Prayer-Book, Tract, and Missionary Society of North Carolina;" so that the purchasers of this work will not only receive to themselves a most valuable possession, but will at the same time be contributing to the aid of the Press, and the important Societies in the Diocese of North Carolina, mentioned above. The first volume is accompanied with a likeness of the Bishop, and the mechanical execution of the work is highly creditable.

Ep. Watchman.

GRACE CHURCH FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The ladies who, under the above Association, are engaged during the winter in providing suitable clothing for the destitute poor, take this method to inform those friends who have kindly patronized their undertaking, of the result of their exertions during the past distressing season.

203 families have been visited and relieved—1969 articles have been distributed amongst which are included 22 comforters, 28 suits of baby linen, and 122 pairs of shoes.

The remaining articles consisted of suitable garments for sick and destitute persons of all ages.

The amount of $231 00 has been received during the past year as subscriptions—$270 25 as donations—total, $501 25.

Besides the above, are gratefully acknowledged as donations,

6 pieces flannel,
3 do. sheeting,
2 do. domestic gingham,
40 pairs shoes,
150 ready made garments,
14 cotton shawls,
40 prs. stockings & shawls,
2 gross white cotton thread.

This Society was commenced three winters since upon a very limited scale, in hopes of being able to relieve, by its exertions, a small number of the indigent; but, owing to the patronage of many generous individuals, it has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of its designers. The charity which it affords is confined to no particular denomination of Christians, but relieves all who are found deserving, as far as its means will allow. Those who are engaged in its active duties, being stimulated by such generous assistance, and finding that, by devoting but a few hours of one day in each week to preparing the garments for distribution, they are enabled to relieve much suffering and distress; they will be excited, should it please the Author of all good to spare their lives to another season of winter, to renewed diligence in their interesting employment; and they trust they will continue to find among the humane and benevolent, hearts equally disposed to aid them in their "labors of love."

Mrs. T. W. SATTERTHWAITE,
Mrs. R. BAYLEY,
Mrs. I. W. SCHMIDT,
} *Superintendents.*
Mrs. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

MISCELLANY.

De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.

[From the Christian Sentinel.]

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

IN the good sense and kind candor of my charge I knew that I could safely depend, and I found in them a constant resource of just opinion and liberal discrimination. We still co-operated in all measures calculated to preserve the inviolability of that union which had so long subsisted between us as minister and people. The leaven of dissent had not yet begun to work among us, and no fermentation of distinctions without difference rose in our community. So that when I left them, all was uniform and connected. As far as lay in my humble power, I had sought to meet their claim upon me, and to conform myself both personally and professionally to the example which I have just delineated; and whether I had succeeded or not, I was able to rejoice in all that affection, friendship, and respect which it was likely to produce. Be this, however, as it may, I can safely assert that, whatever were *their* satisfactions, *I* had no cause to complain. But, alas! the sunshine of my hope became involved in clouds and darkness; and although I could have been content to have passed my life among them, an adverse coincidence of events denied me such a consummation of my wishes. Yet I have the happiness to recollect that our parting was mutually regretted—and to this hour, imperfectly as I had fulfilled my task of duty, I have sometime the unfeigned delight to be accosted by some one of my former cure with the same cordial greeting as that with which we were wont to meet when I was their curate, and they were my beloved flock. Nor would I barter this pleasing reflection of mutual remembrance of past days for all the revenues of the Church.

It was on the Friday evening previous to the day of my public farewell, that I had been sitting in the midst of a family in which I was always received as the friend and companion of them all, and had been detailing my future plans; I felt more than usually depressed by the circumstances which came under my observation. This family was the one I had been known to the longest, and we had never experienced any intermission of our friendship. The feeling excited in my heart accompanied me to that home which, pass a few hours, would be an untenanted roof. Under the influence of a melancholy, that can be better felt than expressed, my pen traced the bitter current of my thoughts, in the following address to the estimable family whom I had left:—

Farewell.

'Tis not to part, to lisp the word 'farewell'
With all the flippancy of fashion's tongue;
'Tis not to part, to bend our frolic step,
With light indifference, from those dear friends
We ne'er may see return to us again;
O, no! 'tis hateful to the feeling mind,
To view the simp'ring coxcomb's vacant smile,
When from his slender accent glides 'adieu.'
—'Tis not to part, to dress a lying face
In all the formal pomp of unfelt wo,
To rant in tragic whine and curse the star
Whose will despotic chains man down to fate.
Nor is the pain of parting known to those
Who skill'd in cold dissembling complaisance,
Can squeeze the hand, divide the labored sigh,
Can breathe the wish unfelt, the vague desire,
And prostitute a tear to falsehood's vow.
—But oh! to part from those with whom the soul
Is closely knit in kindred sympathy,
To turn our eyes from those, whom friendship plants
Within the hallowed mansion of the heart;
—To say 'farewell,' perhaps for ever too!
To those whose social converse oft has cheer'd
The hour of sad despondency; whose wit
Has oft unbent the brow of dull reserve
And taught e'en sullen discontent, sometimes
To wear a smile:—to friends like these to bid
A long, a last adieu! Oh! 'tis a pang
That stikes most keenly through the breast sincere,
And paralyzes every hope of joy!
This then it is to part, to honest minds,
To such as suffer not profession's lip
To trifle with the laws of truth and gratitude.

There is not much poetry in these lines, for the sentiment that dictated them was not in itself congenial with the fiction of the imagination. The heart spoke without the aid of ornament—and this is language of which it may justly be said, it is—"when unadorned, adorn'd the most."—All was prepared for my departure, and I set off with an inward sorrow that threw a sickly foreboding over my journey to the metropolis.

BENEFIT OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The following narrative, replete with truth and feeling, we copy from the Christian Sentinel; and we are induced to lay it before our readers, as being peculiarly appropriate on the approach of EASTER-DAY, "that great day of the" Church.—ED.

Mr. Editor,

I have sometimes heard it said, that experience is a good schoolmaster. This is perhaps meant to apply more particularly to those persons whose the experience is; but certainly we may profit if we will by that of other men. I have, I trust, benefited by my own; and because what I am going to relate will apply to all who own the name of a crucified Master, I sincerely hope that my experience may be made profitable to your readers.

I am convinced that one object of our LORD in giving sacraments to his Church was, to serve as the means of faith, as it were, stakes to the tent of our holy profession, to keep it steadfast in the soul amidst the temptations of a deceitful world. Thus we may at any time recur to our baptism in the name of the LORD JESUS, and be reminded, by a visible sign and seal, of the holy covenant into which we have been admitted with a holy LORD GOD. A recollection of the sign of the cross made on our foreheads, may remind us that the eyes of men and angels are upon us, and watching our conduct as the enlisted soldiers of the Captain of our salvation. For several years I have made it a constant practice to think of my baptism every day, and to read over the baptismal service as a subject of solemn meditation once a month; and I am sure that it serves to increase my faith. At all events, it seems to bring me nearer to my heavenly Father, who has been pleased to give me the adoption of a son, and to love with a fonder affection that holy Church, my spiritual mother, by which I am a member of my GOD and Saviour.

But to my story.—I was born in the State of Connecticut, and, till eighteen years of age, resided in it. I was brought up in the Church by a pious father and mother, who died not far asunder, and left me before I came of age. At their death the family broke up, and I travelled westward to make my way alone through the world. I took up my residence in various parts of the state of New-York, where I spent ten or twelve years; and now I reside in Canada.

Before the death of my parents, I had several times been a partaker of the holy Communion. But when I rambled off alone, I fell into company that was unfit for a Christian, and the good impressions that had been made on my mind gradually lost their influence, and gave way to the lax principles of my companions. There was no church in the parts where I resided, and the meetings which I occasionally attended were not calculated to do me any good, especially after having been accustomed to our orderly and solemn services. My companions only ridiculed the oddities we sometimes saw exhibited, which gradually extended among them to the Bible itself.

Business called me to Buffalo. A church had lately been built there; and as I had to remain over Sunday, I went to morning prayer. Ten years had almost elapsed since I had been within a church. I had but just seated myself when the priest rose in the desk and repeated the sentence—"I will arise and go to my Father," &c. Then, Rev. Sir, did I witness in my own soul the power of early associations. My conscience smote me like a two-edged sword for my backsliding; and when the confession was read, my feelings so wrought upon me that I could not repeat it after the minister. Perhaps a recollection of my poor mother, who died after my father, served to excite them; as she said to me one day shortly before her death, that she feared I should be as a sheep wandering from the fold among wolves.—O what a blessing is a pious mother!

I felt myself deeply humbled during divine service. The Minister read the notification for the sacrament the next Sunday together with the exhortation. When night came, I felt a great change in my feelings from what they had been in the morning, and I heartily resolved on a reformation. Business detaining me three or four days, I concluded to remain over the next Sunday, and go to the communion. I spent the week in preparing for it, by a review of my past life, and confession of my sins to GOD. I did so. The communion service never seemed to me so beautiful, so solemn, so heavenly before. It appeared to set forth CHRIST crucified with wonderful clearness and power. It was by far the best sermon I ever heard.—O what do they lose who desert the *divine* services of the Church, and go after crude extemporaneous effusions!

Suffice it to say, that I found the LORD's Supper a wonderful strengthener of my poor shattered faith. The thought that it was a solemn renewal of my so often broken covenant, wherein I was accepted of my heavenly Father afresh for his dear Son's sake, was precious to my heart. I often remember it with peculiar pleasure. Having found so much benefit to result from that partaking of the sacrament, I have ever since gone to the LORD's table whenever I had opportunity, and have always left it with my faith more firmly fixed on my SAVIOUR, and my charity to my fellow creatures increased. This is the practical value of the sacrament of the LORD's Supper. It brings us near to GOD, and makes CHRIST appear more like the salvation of sinners, and settles our hearts into charity with our neighbors. Men may speculate on it all their days, but if they never partake with true devotion of heart, they never will know what it is. They must "taste and see that the LORD is gracious," or they cannot estimate his goodness. The disciples said: "LORD, increase our faith." Let us say so too, and "do this in remembrance of him," that he may increase it.

I beg you will take this in good part, and find it worth laying before your readers; and I pray GOD that my experience may benefit those backsliders who may chance to read it.

Yours, &c.

A CHURCHMAN.

MISSIONS.

GREEN BAY MISSION.

THE following documents accompanied the article on the Green Bay Mission, which appeared in our first number, and we now proceed to lay them before the reader.—*Ed.*

Since writing the communication on the Green Bay Mission, the following account has been received by your correspondent, in a periodical paper of the *Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.*

For the information of those who are not conversant with the proceedings of the society, we state the following particulars in relation to this Mission.

Its object is the instruction of the children, and, if practicable, the adults of the Menominee tribe, in the common branches of education, the arts of civilized life, and the truths of the Christian religion.

It was commenced in 1825, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Nash. Mr. Nash arrived at Green Bay early in the summer of that year, and remained there about twelve months. In June, 1826, he returned to Philadelphia; and not long after, his connexion with the Society was dissolved. At a special meeting of the Board of Directors, in October, 1827, the Board (for reasons which fully justified the measure,) passed a resolution that all proceedings in relation to the Green Bay Mission be suspended until the next meeting of the board; and that the executive committee be directed, in the interim, to make inquiries, and to devise a plan for a permanent location and establishment among the aborigines. It having been ascertained that at a treaty which had been held in the summer of 1827 with the Indians, in the vicinity of Green Bay, provision had been made for an education establishment among them, the executive committee directed their secretary to open a correspondence with the Secretary of War in reference to this subject, and to obtain, if possible, assurance from government that the appropriation proposed by this treaty should be placed at the disposal of this Society. Assurances to this effect were promptly given by the Secretary of War. An arrangement was also effected, at the War Department, by which the occupancy of a very eligible tract of land connected both with the white settlement at Green Bay, and with the Indian country, was allowed to the Society.

In consequence of these measures the executive committee determined to recommence the mission; and, after a short interval, appointed the Rev. R. Cadle, superintendent: Dr. Erastus Root, teacher; Mr. Albert G. Ellis, farmer, and his wife, housekeeper.

In the autumn of 1829, Mr. Cadle reached the field of his present labors, and immediately entered upon the duties devolving upon him. Premises were hired at the Bay settlement; a school was opened which soon embraced thirty scholars; contracts were entered into for the erection of buildings on the Society's ground, and every arrangement made for an extensive missionary establishment.

The last paper issued by the Society, brought down the history of this mission to July 13, 1830. From the letters received from the Rev. Mr. Cadle, since that period, we make the following extracts, which to those who are interested in the operations of the Society, will, it is hoped, prove acceptable.

In a communication dated August 11, 1830, our Missionary thus writes:

"To the object in which I am engaged, I do not think that there are many cordial well-wishers in this settlement; but, perhaps, in a few years their number will be increased. Much, indeed every thing, could be done by the traders; but I cannot reasonably expect their hearty co-operation until they shall become religious themselves, and deeply interested in the improvement of the native tribes."

"*August 30th.*—I have lately been subjected to severe affliction in the sickness and death of the youngest child committed to my care. On the 12th instant, Nancy Oakes first showed some slight symptoms of indisposition, which appeared, until the 21st, to be a mild bilious fever. She had prompt and constant medical aid, and it was not until the last-mentioned day, that the disorder affected her head, and make me apprehensive of its fatal issue. Whatever nursing could effect for her recovery and relief, was afforded; but to my deep grief, she rapidly sunk under the pressure of her disease. Her sufferings were not apparently great until the near approach of death, when it was most painful to witness them. On the 23d instant I baptized her. On the evening of the 25th she died. She was aged about two years and ten months: she was uncommonly interesting in her appearance, and good in disposition. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Williams,* and the remains of this child were buried on a spot chosen by myself, on the missionary lot, which will hereafter be appropriated to the purpose of a cemetry."

September 25th.—"I rejoice in the assurance that this mission is an object of interest to many friends of religion, and sincerely trust that the labor and expense bestowed upon it will not be in vain.

"I feel very anxious to have another school-house erected, as the one now built is rather too small to be divided, and it is best that the boys and girls should be taught in separate rooms." "There are harassing cares, which few perhaps can realize, connected with the charge of this establishment. There is so much coldness on the subject of missions, so much unreasonableness on the part of parents, that without considering direct and open opposition, any progress to be made is like rowing against a stream. But I hope for a better state of things; however cheerless the prospect at present is, I trust the good seed sown will not be altogether unproductive of fruit to the glory of God."

October 13th, he gives the following report of the state of the Mission.—

Number and names of teachers and other persons belonging to the Mission.

These are only three. In addition to the undersigned, to whom has been committed the superintendence of this institution, Mr. John V. Suydam is the male teacher, and Miss Sarah B. Cadle, is the female teacher. Mr. S. at present acts as instructer of the whole school, and Miss C. is compelled to fill the station of housekeeper. Mr. A. G. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis were appointed, the former farmer, and the latter housekeeper; but they continued in the service of the Mission only from September 12, 1829, to the 4th of June following. A farmer and housekeeper will be procured as soon as possible.

Amount of disbursements from October 1, 1829, to October 1, 1830.

These have been $2843 96½: in which account are included the salaries allowed to the members of the Mission family; provisions, the ordinary expenses of housekeeping, the purchasing of the claim of James Porlier, and the sums paid for the erection of the Mission buildings.

Value and description of property on hand.

The household property on hand, consisting of provisions, furniture, bedding, books, and articles necessary for the school, medicines, clothing, &c. is estimated at a little more than one thousand dollars. In addition, a Mission-house of 40 feet by 30 feet, two stories in height, with an attached building one story and a half high, 30 feet by 18 feet, and a schoolhouse of 30 feet by 20 feet, are building, and will probably be finished by the first of November next.

Extract of a letter addressed by the Rev. R. F. Cadle, to the Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

October 29, 1830.

I have lately received intelligence of the death of Bishop Hobart, and cannot but express how deeply I lament the loss sustained by his family, his friends, the diocese of New-York, and the Church at large. In the prosperity of the Church in Michigan, he had proved his interest by visiting on two occasions the congregation in Detroit, and by announcing his intention, should his life be spared, of visiting the Oneida Indians in the vicinity of this settlement. Having long been a member of one of the churches of which he was the rector—having studied under his direction and been admitted by him to Deacons' orders—having received from him various marks of kindness—having ever admired the greatness and elevation, the purity and goodness of his character—I grieve for his decease, as one of the severest afflictions that could befall the Church in this country.

The following extracts are given, as connected with the preceding subject.

Extract of a letter from the same gentleman to the RIGHT REV. BISHOP ONDERDONK, *of New-York, dated*

Green Bay, Jan. 3, 1831.

The mission in which I am engaged has had to struggle with the difficulties attendant on such undertakings in their infancy, but its present prospects are encouraging. It would be very gratifying to me, as I believe it would be acceptable to the General Missionary Society, if the diocese of New-York would assume its patronage. Until lately, the mission-family have been compelled to occupy a hired house, destitute of accommodations for many children; but, the buildings of the society being now completed, we have at this time sufficient space for a large number. The use of a tract of land consisting of upwards of 400 acres has been granted by the General Government to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society for school purposes. It is well calculated for farming operations; and is conveniently situated for the attendance of children as day-scholars, and of the principal portion of the Protestant residents on public worship. For the extinction of a private claim to a part of the foregoing tract, the society have paid $400 00. They have also paid for buildings $3247 11; and at this date there is only unsettled on account of work appertaining to buildings $197 00. I have understood that the General Government will pay two-thirds of the cost of the buildings, and also annually a considerable sum for the support of children. With the existing buildings I think that fifty children may be boarded; but I believe that it will soon be necessary to provide additional accommodations. The number of children now in the mission-house is 22, of which one only is fully white. Several accessions are expected in a few days, and among them some children from the Oneida settlement. Most of the children will probably be entirely supported by the mission; the parents of some will pay in part, and of others in full. A preference would always be given to the full-blood Menominee or Chippewa children, and to such as are connected with those tribes, which is the case with a large portion of the children in this settlement. I have received a qualified permission to admit those of the New-York Indians, and even the white, if these last do not interfere with the peculiar objects of the Society's bounty, and their example should be calculated to do good. The expenses of conducting the farm, as yet unimproved, and of provisions, will be considerable for at least a year or two; with proper management the tract assigned for the use of the mission will be so productive as greatly to reduce the expenses of this establishment. It is contemplated to teach the children in general, the branches taught in common English schools—and the boys farming, and the trades of shoemaker, blacksmith, and carpenter, and the girls house-keeping, sewing, knitting, spinning and weaving. There is a small Episcopal congregation here, to which a lot for the erection of a church in the vicinity of the mission-house has been given; and I cherish hopes that this good object will yet be accomplished. We are, too, but seven miles distant from the Oneida settlement; and the superintendent of this institution may have frequent opportunities of doing good to that interesting congregation without interference with the province of their appointed missionary.

It would be a matter of gratification to myself, if it should accord with your views and with those of the Diocese of New-York to make arrangements with the General Missionary Society of our Church, for the undertaking the care of this mission. It could be visited without difficulty by some person commissioned to inspect its condition every summer; and I sincerely trust that the Bishop elect of New-York may, when his convenience shall permit, extend his oversight so far. The indirect as well as immediate influence of a Protestant Episcopal Education Establishment, properly managed and supported, in this region will be most beneficial. I hope that it will become the instrument of extensive and lasting good. I think that the buildings of the mission might, if necessary, be so enlarged as to furnish accommodations for 150 or 200 children, which is a sufficient number for the management of one superintendent. With the co-operation of the Indian Agent and of influential traders, many Indian children might be induced to become scholars: at present I have but two, all the rest being half or quarter breeds. The Menominees are estimated at about 4,000; and I hope that the day is not far distant when they may be prevailed on to renounce the character and condition of paganism.

The following is from Col. F. C. Stambaugh, Indian Agent at Green Bay:—

Green Bay, October 1*st*, 1830.

Dear Sir,—I have the honor of enclosing to you at the request of the Rev. Richard F. Cadle, a certificate of the commencement and probable completion of the Missionary establishment at this place. It affords me much pleasure to comply with this request; and to have an opportunity of expressing to you the high estimation in which that gentleman is held here. A school established under such auspices cannot fail of producing the happiest results; and with all the difficulties to contend against in such an undertaking, I feel persuaded that Mr. Cadle will be successful. The buildings are erected on a healthy and lovely spot, perhaps the finest and best adapted for its purpose in the settlement of Green Bay.

I will be happy to co-operate with Mr. Cadle in the great object he has in view.

Reader,—We would now ask you, is not this a cause well deserving the patronage and prayers of the friends of Missions? Setting aside the various and affecting considerations arising out of the peculiar situation of the aborigines of our country, is it not sufficient to engage the exertions of the Christian for their welfare, that they are, in the widest signification of the word, *Heathen*, enveloped in the grossest moral darkness—living without GOD and without CHRIST in the world? The golden rule of the Scriptures, to do unto others, as under an exchange of circumstances we would wish to be done by, is binding upon all who are in the enjoyment of Gospel privileges; but with a ten foldforce does it bear upon those, who indulge the hope, that by faith in the SAVIOUR they have become interested in the rich promises which are made by the GOD of truth to his believing children. Reader, are you such a character? Have you then, ever realized a desire that the western wilds which have long been resounding with the war-whoop of the savage should become vocal with the praises of your REDEEMER? And are you strenuously exerting yourself for the spiritual benefit of the thousands and tens of thousands in those widely-extending districts who are perishing for want of the bread of eternal life? If you have hitherto been indifferent to the moral blindness and wretchedness of the poor wandering Indian, it is time that you should relieve yourself from this charge of guilt.

You cannot, perhaps, go yourself to these benighted beings to make them acquainted with the character of the GOD who created them, and tell them of Immanuel's dying love: but you are able to assist in sending to them those who are willing, and waiting* to engage in this labor of benevolence. Yes! you *can*, and—if you really desire the advancement of Messiah's kingdom—you *will* hold up the hands of this Society while it is endeavoring to gather the children of the forest around the cross of JESUS, and by the voice of its missionaries to direct them to the LAMB of GOD which taketh away the sins of the world.

The writer of these remarks in a recent conversation with an aged Menominee chief, in relation to the Society's school at Green Bay, inquired of him whether his tribe would be willing to be taught the great truths of Christianity by those of their children who had there been instructed therein. His answer in substance was this,—with respect to our males I can say but little to encourage you. They care nothing about these matters. But to our females they are deeply interesting. *They are desirous to be Christians*, and would be glad to be enlightened by any instruments.

What a touching appeal is here! And is it to be in vain? Though unwittingly coming forth from the lips of this tawny warrior, yet shall it not fall upon your heart, even as the Macedonian cry pressed upon that of the apostle? If you possess the spirit of JESUS CHRIST, it cannot be otherwise. No! If you have that same mind in you which was in the Redeemer you cannot disregard the sighing of the Indian mother and daughter after the consolations of religion. You will not refuse to stretch forth your hand and lead them into those paths which are pleasantness and peace.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

L.

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* The Society's Missionary among the Oneida Indians.

* A young lady of sincere piety, liberal education, and respecttable standing, has recently offered her services for this mission to the Executive Committee.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTICE.

The Anniversary Celebration of the New-York Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Society will be held in St. John's Chapel, on Wednesday in Easter Week (April 6th.) The services to commence at half past 3 o'clock, P. M.

It is requested that the various Schools in connexion with the Society, be assembled at an hour sufficiently early, to enable the Committee of Arrangements to make suitable provision for their accommodation.

THOS. N. STANFORD,
Secretary of the Society.

April 2, 1831.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

New-York, March 30, 1831.

The subscriber, Treasurer of the "New-York Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society," gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums to the Disposable Fund, viz.:

A donation from an aged Member of the Church, by Mr. Thos. N. Stanford, - - - -	$20 00
March 24.—A Member of St. John's Chapel, N. York, by Mr. Thos. N. Stanford, - -	15 00
	$35 00

And to the Permanent Fund.—

Received of the Young Ladies' Benevolent Society of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, to constitute the Rector, the Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, a Life Director, - - -	$60 00

BENJAMIN M. BROWN,
Treasurer.

New-York, March 30th, 1831.

The subscriber, as Treasurer of the "General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union," gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following items:

From Jacob Le Roy, Esq., of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y., a donation to the FAMILY VISITER, - - - - - - -	$5 00
From the same gentleman—a donation to the STEREOTYPE FUND, - - - - -	5 00

FLOYD SMITH,
No. 12 Maiden Lane.

New-York, March 31, 1831.

The subscriber, as Treasurer of the "Auxiliary New-York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society," gratefully acknowledges the receipt of *eight dollars and seventy-five cents*, from Mr. Robert Gracie, being amount of fees received by him as Grand Juror.

FLOYD SMITH,
No. 12 Maiden Lane.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL,
No. 76 VARICK-STREET, CORNER OF CANAL,
Reverend John W. Curtis, A. M., Principal.

Young gentlemen will be prepared, in this Institution, either for admission into college, or for the pursuits of active life. The course of Collegiate Instruction will be that established by the Faculty of Columbia College.

TERMS.

For classical scholars, with full collegiate course, per quarter, - - - - - - -	$10 00
English scholars, per quarter, - - - -	6 00

Instruction will be provided in the modern languages.

The school is under the care and supervision of the following *Board of Trustees:*

Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D., *President;* Robert Troup, *Vice President;* Henry Rogers, Duncan P. Campbell, Rev. James Milnor, D. D., Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, D. D., Rev. William Berrian, D. D., John Stearns, M. D., Rev. John F. Schroeder, Thomas L. Ogden, Rev. Thomas Lyell, D. D., Rev. William Creighton, D. D., Rev. George Upfold, M. D., William Johnson, Murray Hoffman, Hubert Van Wagenen, Rev. John M'Vickar, D. D., Rev. Levi S. Ives, David Hadden, Henry Laight, Rev. Wm. R. Whittingham.

CHURCH DOCUMENTS.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the laying of the Corner Stone of St. Clement's Church, in the city of New-York, on Thursday, 29th July, 1830, by the Rector of said Church.

It has been a custom, sanctioned by the usage of the earliest ages of the world, no less than suggested by the dictates of a right reason, that when any important work was undertaken, the Divine aid should be first implored;—hence the sacrifices, and hecatombs, so often mentioned in classic story, and the more appropriate solemnities of the people who did not sit in the shadow of death.

A rude simplicity of devotion marked the first recognitions of this principle. An unhewn stone in the midst of a solitary desert, set up by the Patriarch of old, in commemoration of God's presence, protection, and blessing, becomes a monument of gratitude, and all the ceremonial attending its erection was the pouring on it some oil, and the invocation of the Divine aid and benediction, and the solemn pledge of devotion to the Divine service.

The place where this simple expression of devout gratitude is performed, receives from the Patriarch the name of 'Bethel,' or 'house of God,' for here the Lord had revealed himself in a vision of angels, and behold a ladder set upon earth and the top of it reached heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And Jacob took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it, and he called the name of that place Bethel. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God, and this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee. Here is, perhaps, the most primitive vestige of a custom, which in after ages received form, and circumstance, and ceremonial, and emblematical reference to Him who as early as this very transaction, was promised as in his human nature, to proceed from this very Patriarch—"and in thee and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

A direct, and remarkable allusion to the Messiah, as the foundation stone of all human hope, is found in the prediction of David, at the 118th Psalm, quoted by our Saviour himself—"Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, the stone which the builders rejected the same is become the head of the corner? This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." As the visible Church is represented in Scripture under the name of the house of God, so Jesus Christ is represented as the foundation on which the edifice is built. The builders to whom our Saviour refers as rejecting him, are the chief priests and elders of the Jews. And these builders he assures, having rejected him as unworthy to constitute the foundation of their hopes, should nevertheless, finally discover him to be the most suitable as the head stone of the corner. To this rejection the prophet Isaiah refers when he says, "He shall be for a stone of stumbling, and for a rock of offence to both houses of Israel; and many among them shall stumble and fall, and be broken." The temple was a type of the Christian church. That temple above all in the universe could alone be said to be a habitation of God. Both in the tabernacle and temple, God dwelt between the cherubim; there was the symbol of his presence; there the ministry of Aaron and his sons; there the worship performed precisely as he had prescribed. After the model of this, was the spiritual temple, the Christian church, constructed; and God was to dwell in the one, as he had dwelt in the other. Believers are said to be parts of the building—the living stones spoken of by St. Peter, having for a foundation the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone—the connecting medium or mediator by which Jews and Gentiles—the walls of the building were united in one. "Behold," says the prophet Isaiah, in reference to this idea, "I lay in Zion a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone." And thus believers in this Saviour, of different ages and nations, properly joined and connected at this angle, and founded on this chief stone, grow unto a holy spiritual temple, and are builded together for a habitation of God through his Spirit. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Very properly is it said of the Church of God, that it is a most noble, and most marvellous work.

"There is nothing," says one, "so august as this Church, seeing it is the temple of God—nothing so worthy of reverence, seeing God dwells in it—nothing so ancient, since the Patriarchs and Prophets labored in building it—nothing so solid, since Jesus Christ is the foundation of it—nothing more closely united and indivisible, since he is the corner stone—nothing so lofty, since it reaches as high as heaven, and to the bosom of God himself—nothing so regular and well proportioned, since the Holy Spirit is the architect—nothing more beautiful, or adorned with greater variety, since it consists of Jews and Gentiles, of every age, country, sex, and condition. The *mightiest potentates*—the most renowned lawgivers—the most profound philosophers—the most eminent scholars—besides all those of whom the world was not worthy, have formed a part of this building. Nothing more spacious, since it is spread over the whole earth, and takes in all who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—nothing so inviolable, since it is consecrated to Jehovah—nothing so divine, since it is a living building, animated and inhabited by the Holy Ghost—nothing so beneficent, seeing it gives shelter to the poor, the wretched and distressed, of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." It is the place where the manifestation of his triumphant energy is felt—where his justice, his mercy, his goodness, and his truth is exhibited—where the sinner is to seek him while he may be found, and is to call upon him in the place where he is near.

Such are some of those interesting truths and reflections to be impressed on our minds by the ceremony which has just been performed.—Standing by this corner stone which has just been laid, we, as Christians, desire to acknowledge the truth in all the fulness of its importance—"that there is salvation in no other name under heaven, but that of Jesus Christ—other foundation can no man lay than this. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by him."

We desire also to acknowledge that the best concerted schemes of human wisdom, the wisest plans of human invention, are all visionary and vain, without the superadded protection of the Divine blessing. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." It is in vain for you to rise up early to sit up late—to eat the bread of sorrows.

Standing then, as we do, Right Reverend Fathers, and Reverend Brethren of the Clergy, and members of this infant congregation, standing as we do, on the edge and commencement of this important work, shall we not say, Unto Thee lift we up our eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens—behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us. We will lift up our eyes unto thy holy and everlasting hills, O God, from whence cometh our help. Our help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth; and may we not then hope for the fulfilment upon us of that, his consoling promise, where two or three are gathered together, I will be in the midst of them. The Lord shall command his blessing and life for evermore.

Surrounded by so many difficulties as the present undertaking may well be supposed to incur, and yet surrounded by so many evidences of God's gracious providence and protection, he who addresses you is at a loss to express the mingled feelings which agitate a heart overflowing with gratitude to the Father of mercies. An overwhelming sense of insufficiency oppresses him, while he considers the mighty work of collecting in the edifice here to be erected, a congregation of faithful people. How, Oh God, shall such a sinful creature occupy a place and an office which should seem to put in requisition the flaming, and yet ethereally tempered zeal, of cherubim and seraphim, united with the swift and and holy obedience of angels and archangels?—But blessed be thy name, Oh, God, our help is in thee. In the Lord Jehovah is the truth of thy most unworthy servant. You observe, brethren, I look beyond the mere erection of material walls—for is not this only a humble introduction for a far more important and eternal work, the gathering to the fold of our chief Bishop and Shepherd the souls which he loved so freely and bought so dearly. I look forward even to the day when we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ—when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Yes—dearly beloved Fathers and Brethren who are now favoring me with your attention,* and I hope we may there be all of us so highly favored as to meet around the throne of the Lamb. Yes—and my poor trembling spirit which now faints and fails, when considering my own great unworthiness and incompetency, is also filled with an ardent hope, that in that day, the work which is now commenced in prayer, shall be consummated in praise. Yes, that it may then be found that many, many precious and immortal souls were, in this contemplated house of God, savingly brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

With such an anticipation, may we not thank God for the success he has already afforded us, and take courage to go on with this work, in his fear, and continually imploring his divine favor and benediction?

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*There were present, our late revered and lamented Diocesan, and the Right Reverend Bishop Croes, D. D. of New-Jersey; Bishop Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, who was in the city at the time, attending the Commencement of the General Theological Seminary, was prevented by severe indisposition. B.

ADDRESS

Of Bishop Griswold *to the* 15*th Convention of the Eastern Diocese, in Trinity Church, Boston, Sept.* 29*th*, 1830.

Again, respected friends and brethren, has the rapid course of revolving time brought about the season of our annual convention; and, through the Lord's patient goodness, we are once more permitted to assemble and take counsel together on what concerns that portion of the Lord's vineyard committed to our care.

In laying before you, as our rules require, a view of the progress of our labor, and the present state of our churches, we shall have cause, more than on the like occasions preceding, to lament our want of laborers, and of missionary funds. Far from extending our borders, and increasing the number of our churches, as in all human appearance might, with adequate means, have been easily done; in many parts of the diocese, we have scarce been able to maintain the ground which we before possessed. A considerable number of our parishes, from being so long either wholly vacant, or destitute of any permanent ministrations are, we may fear, declining. That so many of those whom we bring forward for the sacred ministry should leave us, and our own churches be left to suffer, has caused me very much anxiety and sorrow. But still we have much cause for thankfulness to Him whose mercy endureth for ever.

All have not forsaken us, and they who have left this diocese, will labor profitably no doubt in other parts of our country; and Christians cannot be too cautious how they are influenced by local partialities, or selfish views. Those of our churches, which have had the constant labors of pious, faithful ministers, have generally been blessed with prosperity and increase.

"To depart and be with Christ is better" for his faithful ministers, than any good which they can hope for in this present life; but to *abide here is more needful* for his Church; and it is an additional cause of thankfulness that the clergy of this diocese have generally been blessed with life and health. Till within a very few mournful weeks, I had indulged the hope of congratulating my clerical brethren on this occasion, and reporting, that, during the year past, none had by death been taken from our number; but recent and mournful tidings have brought us a very painful exception. I scarce need mention what you all so well know and feel, that the highly respectable Rector of this church has been removed from his labor here on earth. Many recollections of things past, and other affecting considerations, must on this occasion fill our hearts with sadness, "sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more." With his surviving family, and many worthy, ardent friends, we are called, and I trust we are all disposed to mingle the sympathizing tear; and also to lift our hearts in humble prayer to the "Father of mercies and God of all comfort," that he will sanctify this mournful event to the congregation of his people who worship in this house; that the death of him, who has so long labored in word and doctrine among them, may be so blessed as to conduce to their spiritual benefit. To us of the clergy, and to myself chiefly, should this bereavement be an awakening admonition to be faithful and diligent in whatever our hand findeth to do; and prepared to render an account of our stewardships.

During the year now past, several of the most promising, useful, and eminent of our clergy, in other parts of our country, have been called from their labor, to receive their reward; and among them are numbered two of our most able, zealous, and active Bishops, arrested by the messenger of God in the midst of their usefulness and honors. But *being dead they will yet speak*, and by us may their voice be so heard, as to awaken in us all, a more ardent desire to emulate their zeal, and share with them in glory. Many view it as what they term a *mysterious providence*, that, in such frequent instances, those ministers of Christ, of whom we have the highest expectations, and seemingly the Church has most need, should the first, and the earliest in life, be taken away. But God seeth not as men see; in his unerring wisdom this may be one of the reasons that they are taken from us; we think of them too highly; we naturally and very much incline to ascribe to human talent, and secondary causes, the glory which belongs to God only. Our idols, it may be, are removed, that the Lord may be our God. But for whatever purpose, in the councils of unerring wisdom, we are thus visited, it is evidently the duty of us, who are yet spared, to redeem the time; to be more active and diligent in performing the duties, and increasing the numbers of the ministers of Christ.

In this diocese, in the year past, the increase has been but small. Three only, Henry Blackaller, Silas A. Crane, and Chauncey Colton, have been ordained deacons. The Rev. Messrs. James Sabine, Isaac Peck, Henry Blackaller, Samuel Fuller, George W. Hathaway, and Edward Ballard, deacons, have been admitted to the order of presbyters. George C. N. Eastman, Jacob Pierson, Ephraim Munroe, Matthias Monroe, Charles E. Leverett, Joseph M. Brown, Samuel B. Babcock, Josiah M. Bartlett, Francis A. Foxcraft, Samuel M'Burney, and Mark Anthony D'Wolfe Howe, eleven in number, and four of them natives of Bristol, in Rhode Island, have been admitted as candidates for holy orders. George Bridgman, one of our former candidates, has left this diocese, being regularly dismissed. Also, the Rev. Messrs. Orange Clarke, James H. Tyng, Thomas S. W. Mott, Norris M. Jones, and James M. Tappan, have taken, at their own request, letters dismissory to other parts of the country. The Rev. Chauncey Colton is officiating in the diocese of New-York. The Rev. George Leonard did also take a dismission to Virginia, but has since returned, and we hope may continue his labors in this diocese. The Rev. William S. Perkins, the Rev. Samuel Fuller, and the Rev. William T. Potter, I am happy to state, have been added unto us; and the Rev. George W. Hathaway, who had for some time resided among us, has been also canonically transferred to this diocese.

The Rev. Isaac Peck has been instituted into the church in Gardiner, state of Maine, and the church under his ministry has revived and is increasing. From pecuniary losses, removal of its parishioners, and still more from the want of a minister to reside permanently among them, the church in Saco is depressed and somewhat discouraged. The Rev. Mr. Olney officiated for them on Sundays during the last winter; and the Rev. Mr. Cutler has resided and labored among them through the summer, and we trust with some success. But his health is not yet restored, and he thinks of returning to the Southern States. Unless a suitable clergyman shall be settled soon and permanently in Saco, there is reason to fear that interesting parish will be lost.

The Rev. Mr. Blackaller officiates in the new parish in Summersworth, New-Hampshire, where his labors appear to have been much blessed. My last visit to that state was in this present month. On the 8th, at Hopkinton, was the meeting of the Convention, Missionary Society, and Sunday School Union of that state, and the next day an ordination. We had four services, all well attended. The Rev. Mr. Hale's excellent sermon before the Convention, is to be published, and we trust will be very useful. The members, females especially of that small parish, continue their laudable efforts for the general good. The Female Domestic Missionary Society, delivered to me for the use of this diocese, twenty-eight dollars: the Female Foreign Missionary Society, sent by me thirty dollars, to constitute their beloved pastor a member for life, of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. And from his parish, I had also the same sum, to make him a member of the American Bible Society. If in proportion to our means and numbers, we all did thus, Zion would soon appear in prosperity.

In Vermont, the churches in Berkshire, Montgomery, and some other places, are still vacant and suffering. The ministry of the Rev. Mr. Hard, in Fairfield and Sheldon, is much blessed. He and the Rev. Mr. Nash perform Missionary duties in several towns adjoining, and with good effect. The liberality of the little parish in St. Albans, and their pious exertions to support their minister, and in purchasing a house for his use, are worthy of much praise. The parish in Arlington, has with much cordiality and affection, called and received the Rev. Mr. Perkins as their minister, and go forward with the building of a beautiful stone church. The churches in Woodstock and Bethel, have, with like zeal, determined to have a minister in each. Their beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Clapp, resides now and labors in Woodstock. The Rev. Mr. Sabine, from Boston, it is hoped, will take the pastoral charge of the church in Bethel, and the Rev. Mr. Crane, from Providence, of that in Middlebury. Should the latter parish, after being so long destitute and suffering, be at length happily supplied, it will ease me of much painful anxiety. The Rev. Mr. Horton is called to the pastoral charge of the church in Windsor, where he has through the year successfully labored, and where it is expected that he will soon be ordained.

The parish in Great Barrington, of this state, have finished their new church or chapel, a handsome brick edifice, about three miles from St. James' Church. The Episcopalians in Blandford have also built and finished a new church. In Otis, too, is one begun, and going forward; in a great part, by the liberal exertions of an individual who has shown much pious zeal for the prosperity of the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Parker is entitled to great praise for labor bestowed, and sacrifices made to build up the parishes in Lenox and Otis. The Rev. Mr. Gilbert has labored with much diligence and success.

In Southwick, a few individuals have some years since erected a house for public worship, and desire that it may be an Episcopal church. Could we have placed a missionary there, a good parish would probably have been established in that place before the present time. They have it in contemplation to unite with Granby, a town adjoining in Connecticut, in the services of a clergyman. Little, however, generally speaking, can be done in building up a new church, except a clergyman reside and labor on the spot.

In the beautiful village of Pittsfield, a parish has been recently formed under circumstances which promise a happy result. The pastoral connexion between the Rev. Mr. Humphrey, and the parish in Lanesborough has, by mutual consent, been dissolved. For a while it is intended that the two parishes last mentioned, shall unite in the services of one minister; and for a zealous, active clergyman, the situation must be very pleasant and desirable.

The Rev. Mr. Blaisdale has been invited, and has consented to take charge of the parish in Ashfield.

The Rev. Lot Jones has been instituted into the church in Leicester, where most truly he has labored in season and out of season, and abundant has been the blessing attending his labors. St. Matthew's Church in this city has increased. In the last three years I have confirmed there, at three times, forty-six in all. This noble edifice, in which we are now convened, was, on the 11th of November last, consecrated to the worship of Almighty God. The services, which from several circumstances were very interesting, were rendered much more so, by the excellent discourse delivered by him whose recent decease we now lament. Though then reduced by sickness and very feeble, he made a great and very successful exertion to bear testimony to the excellence of our institutions, and to give us good advice. It fell upon our ears as his dying words; and we trust will not soon be forgotten. In April last, 54 were confirmed in this church, and more recently 39 in Christ Church. The labors of the Rev. Dr. Eaton, as domestic Missionary in this city, have been very useful. The appearance and behavior of the congregation in his Missionary chapel, where, last summer, I confirmed 40, was very gratifying. The service of the church was regularly, and with much decency and apparent devotion, performed. Grace Church is the only exception to the general flourishing state of our churches in this city. The prompt and zealous exertions of its friends may, we still hope, prevent its being lost.

The excellent institution called the House of Reformation, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Wells, I have twice visited, and in it once held a confirmation; and was highly gratified with the excellent order, and appearance of great utility. St. John's Church, in Northampton, was dedicated to God's holy worship, on the 13th of January last. The Rev. William T. Potter, officiates in Quincy. The Rev. Mr. West, by great exertion, too great I fear for human strength to continue long, officiates each Sunday twice in Taunton, and once in Bridgewater. In the latter place, the little parish has increased; and to human appearance, there are few places where the permanent residence, and constant laboring of a suitable clergyman, would do more good. Our prospects in Rhode Island are the most encouraging, not only in the addition of two to the number of settled ministers; but in the increase, we trust, of piety in the churches before established, and the hopeful encouragement, had we missionaries to send thither, of forming new ones. In Pawtucket 50 have been confirmed; in Newport 17, and at Bristol 85. The Rev. Mr. Fuller has taken the pastoral charge of Grace Church, in Providence, much to the satisfaction, and we have reason to hope to the eventual growth of that new parish. Confirmation was administered in St. John's Church the year preceding. The Rev. Dr. Crocker has performed some missionary labors in the western part of Providence, and I am informed with happy effects.

No people of this diocese are entitled to more praise for liberality, united zeal, and judicious, constant, and persevering efforts, than the infant church in Warren. Encouraged by the generous contributions for their benefit in this diocese and in some other parts, they have built, chiefly at their own expense, a neat, handsome, and very commodious church, perfectly finished and paid for, and have engaged the Rev. Mr. Hathaway to become their minister. On the 15th of July, their house called St. Mark's Church, was consecrated to God's holy worship. And in the afternoon of the same day, the Rev. Mr. Hathway was admitted to the order of priests, and Mr. Crane was ordained deacon. Confirmation and the Lord's Supper were also (in that town for the first time in our way) administered. The interest of the services was much increased, and no doubt they were rendered more useful, by the attendance of very many people from the neighboring towns. Those of their generous benefactors, who witnessed the services of that day, must have been highly gratified, and fully convinced that their contributions were wisely and well bestowed.

MEDITATION.

[For the Churchman.]

REFLECTIONS OF AN INVALID.

If there is any thing that will create in our minds a deep sense of our duty, both to ourselves, our friends, and our Redeemer, what can be better calculated for this end, than the loss of health. We are indeed doomed, from the fall, to sickness and sorrow; and the sin of nature thereby inherited, makes us the heirs of disease and pain.—But seldom are the causes so remote. As the imprudences and irregularities of parents may entail infirmity upon their children, even to the fourth generation; so we shall often find that similar imprudences and irregularities, of which we ourselves have, at some period of our lives, been guilty, and perhaps continue to be guilty, are the immediate cause of all our "ails and ills," and prevent our coming to old age, and falling into the grave in peace, and without pain. God, indeed, afflicts us at His pleasure, and for our good; but it is because we have done wrong, and are continually liable to do wrong. If this were not the case, we certainly should not be afflicted by sickness, pain, or by any other calamity. And this *wrong* is not an abstract and undefinable something, existing only in name. It consists in specific acts—acts of disobedience, vice and folly, great or small, which we have committed, and to which we are yet prone, although warned against them by the scourging hand of Providence.

The natural tendency of these, is often towards the very evils with which we are afflicted. God so orders, that in small sins, as well as great ones, their commission and their punishment shall be inseparably connected. But when this is not the case, still, all our sicknesses, diseases, and pains, may be contemplated as punishments or chastisements—chastisements in love, no doubt. But why are we chastised at all? It cannot be for the innocence, virtue, and uprightness of our lives.—It cannot be the reward of soberness, temperance, and purity: but it is the punishment of our failings and short comings, or the more criminal indulgences and indiscretions to which we are every day subject. These we may consider as the chief source of the evils and miseries which fall to our lot.

We are, indeed, constantly exposed to a thousand disasters, which men call *casualties*; so that it seems wonderful how any one of our race can remain unhurt, and not destroyed by them long as he does; and there is scarcely an individual who cannot reckon up in his own short life, numberless instances of apparently hair-breadth escapes from danger and death. But if we believe that God is the Governor of the universe—if we believe in his overruling Providence, we know that none of these casualties can touch us, without His permission.—We know that nothing with us, is in truth, *accident*; and that when disaster, or evil of any kind—such as sickness, or loss, does befall us, it is by the appointment of heaven, and as a punishment for our sins. How great cause have we, then, in these hours of sorrow and distress, to be humble, to repent, and to "loathe ourselves in dust and ashes." Yes, with the strictest scrutiny, to review every act, habit, and cherished disposition of our past lives, and learn which, and how many of them, have provoked the divine displeasure; which of them in particular, may be the immediate cause of our misery; at the same time praying from the heart for the enlightening aids of grace, that we may not be deceived, nor blinded, alas, to our eternal ruin! And how little reason have we at such seasons to complain, and to find fault with the dealings of Providence. Ah, surely, says the prophet, "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins." These reflections are dictated by the experience of sickness and ill health. C.

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